

The Virtuouſ Milk-MAID'S

G A R L A N D

Containing a choice Collection of

NEW SONGS.

- I. Giving an Account how a 'Squirefell in Love with a young Milk-maid, with an Account of the 'Squire and the Milk-maid's walking in the Field together; ſhewing the 'Squire's Rudeneſs, and what happen'd after.
- II. How the Milk-maid left him for dead in the Fields, by a Wound ſhe gave him with his Sword for his Lewoneſs: After his Wound was drest and no Danger appeared, he ſent for the Milk-maid and commended her for what ſhe had done; and ſet the Day he would marry her, which was done to both their Satisfaction.
- III. The Careleſs Lover, with the Answer.
- IV. The young Man's Complaint of unconstant Nancy
- V. A new Song in Praise of a contented Mind



Licenced and entered according to Order,

(2)
The Virtuous MILK-MAID's Garland, &c.

Giving an Account how a young 'Squire fell in Love
with a young Milk-maid.

DRAW near you young lovers, and I'll let you know,
That Love it will creep, where it dare not to go;
Young Cupid and Venus together does play,
One wounds, and the other steals poor Hearts away.
Crying *Ab! ab! young Cupid,*
Forbear to wound a 'Squire, I am catched in a Snare
For Love has entangled me I do declare.

There was a young 'Squire in Bloomsbury-square;
And many young Ladies that loved him dear,
Yet all their Affections were nothing 'tis said,
For he was in Love with a charming Milk-maid.
Crying, *Ab! ab! &c.*

When first he beheld her, 't was on *May-day*,
So neat and so sweet, and so gallant and gay,
She was cloathed in White, with her Ribbons of Green,
She look'd like some Goddess or beautiful Queen.
Which made me cry, Ab! ab! &c.

Young Lovers you see that your Fortune is so,
That Cupid he wounds both the High and the Low;
He makes you submit to his quiv'ring Strings.
He conquers the Hearts of both Princes and Kings,
And makes them cry, Ab! ab! &c.

So was this young 'Squire of Bloomsbury-square,
Both Cupid and Venus were catch'd in a Snare;
For Venus had conquer'd him with her sweet Charms,
And Cupid had wounded him in Venus's Arms.
Crying, *Ab! ab! &c.* Young

Young *Cupid*, the blind Boy, hath wounded me so;
 And *Venus*, his Mother, she'll not let me go;
 So that I'm entangled, young Lovers, you see,
 There's nothing but Death or true Love sets us free.
 Crying, *Ab! ab! &c.*

Pride and Ambition my Heart to ensnare,
 That there was no Lad with me could comp;
 But in my own Coin now I deeply am paid, are
 And Love hath entangled with a Milk-maid
 Crying, *Ab! ab! &c.*

Young *Susan*, and *Betty* and beautiful *Kate*,
 These Ladies of Fame I have slighted of late,
 But since I have slighted them irapan'd I am,
 And catch'd in a Snare with our Milk-maid sweet Ann
 Crying, *Ab! ab! &c.*

As he was making his pitiful Moan,
 The Damsel came by with a pretty soft Tone,
 Do you want any Milk, Mrs. *Betty*, she said,
 Yes, yes, said the 'Squire, come in pretty Maid,
 Crying *Ab! ab! dear Creature*, said he,
 Pray now pity me I am wounded you see.

The Milk-maid's Answer

FOrbear, noble 'Squire, the Damsel she cry'd,
 You are but in jest. I am well satisfy'd;
 Besides, there are beautiful Ladies enow,
 But I am a poor Damsel brought up from the Cow
 Crying, *Ab! ab! young 'Squire*,
 Forbear my Heart to ensnare,
 I am a poor Milk-maid, and you a 'Squire.

Besides, noble 'Squire, I must tell you plain,
 There is no believing nor trusting young Men;
 For they will deceive us with their flattering Tongue
 When our Hearts they have ensnar'd, then from us they
 Which makes me to cry, young 'Squire, &c. from
 Ne'er

Ne'er leave me, my Dear, I'll constant remain,
 The Thoughts of false Love I scorn and disdain;
 May I bid all Pleasure for ever adieu,
 My Dear, if ever I prove false unto you.

Then do not cry, Ab! ab! &c.

With tender Affections she freely comply'd,
 Thou art my Jewel, the 'Squire he cry'd;
 Then into her Arms he like Lightning did fly,
 My Heart is your own, and shall be till I die.

Then do not cry, Ab! ab! &c.

A Ring from his Finger he immediately took,
 And just in the Middle the same he straight broke;
 With Hugging and Kissing in each other's Arm
 They both were possess'd with sweet raptures of charms
Crying, Ab! ab! &c.

The very next Morning he went to her straight,
 Where a Piece of a Tragedy I shall relate;
 They both went a Walking towards Black-mary's hole
 Were with the poor Damsel the 'Squire grew bold,
Crying, Ab! ab! &c.

Well now, quoth the 'Squire, 'tis but in vain,
 My Dear, I do burn with a secret Flame;
 Therefore, my dear Life! pray now grant me my will
 And I will prove constant to my Jewel still.
Crying, Ab! ab! &c.

Which Bliss, my dear Jewel, if you will grant,
 No costly rich Robes, nor no money shall want
 And if that you will not, here in this wide Field,
 I'll force you, and afterwards I will you kill.
Crying Ab! ab! &c.

With that she fell upon her bare Knees,
 And weeping, she cry'd out, Pray, Sir, pity me;
 You promis'd me I should be your Lawful Wife,
 I'll ne'er be Whore, I will first loose my Life.
Crying, Ab! ab! &c.

The Damsel long striving, at Length she got free
 And call'd up his Rapier there immediately;
 And with it she pierc'd the young Squire through,
 Then Home to her Master like lightning she flew
 Crying, *Ab! ab! young Squire, &c.*

She told him the story with tears in her eyes,
 Dear Master I have murder'd the Squire, she cry'd:
 Upon my poor body he grew very bold,
 I left him a bleeding in *Black-mary's-hole*.

Crying, *Ab! ab! young Lovers' &c.*

I'll leave her lamenting with pitiful Moin;
 Unto the young Squire now will I return;
 His coach was got ready, and soon was brought Home,
 And Surgeons We are sent for to dress up his Wound,
 Crying, *Ab! ab! &c.*

His wound being dress'd, and laid in his bed,
 He call'd to His Servant, and thus to him said,
 Go seek for that beautiful Damsel so fair,
 Any body she has wounded, his Heart has ensnar'd.
 Crying, *Ab! ab! &c.*

They soon found the Damsel as trembling she came,
 Ne'er fear my Dear Jewel, with me here remain;
 The Wound that you gave me it was my own Fault,
 Oh! let not the Rudeness remain in your thought.
 Crying *Ab! ab! &c.*

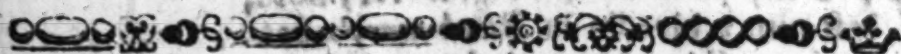
The Wound that you gave me, the Surgeons do say,
 I soon will be well; therefore Dearest I pray,
 Grant me but some Balsam to cure that great Smart
 That now lies a bleeding upon my poor Heart.
 Crying, *Ab! ab! &c.*

Forbear, noble, Squire, forbear, said she,
 And make not your Pastime of my Poverty.
 The Wound that you gave me has pierced me through,
 May it Prove my Ruin if I prove untrue.
 Crying, *Ab! ab! &c.*

Wub

these Protestations the Squire did comply,
My Days will be happy, the Squire did cry,
The Time was appointed, and marry'd they were,
The beautiful Milk-maid and the young Squire.

*Crying. Ah! ah! young Virgins you see,
If you virtuous be, with right Honesty,
you may be advanced to some high Degree.*



The careless Lover.

EVERY Morning, when Beauty renew,
Let me go where I will I have Sweet hearts enough
I pipe and I tabor, I dance and I sing,
And I'll be as merry as the Birds in the Spring:
*For while I am single, I am free from all Care,
And I mind Love no more then the Birds of the Air*

Dear Madam, my Love is entirely true,
For if I could but gain that sweet Favour of you
My Favour, kind Sir, you shall never obtain
Your Frown's ne'er shall kill me with cruel Disdain:
For while I am single, &c.

I value not Cupid, nor his flaming Dart,
I bid him Defiance, I will mind him no more;
I will bid him Defiance for wounding my Heart:
I will mind him no more then the Fish on the Shore,
*For while I am single, I am free from all Care,
And I mind Love no more than the Birds of the Air.*

The Answer.

FAIR Maid talk no more so, if Cupid should wound
your Heart with his dart, he'll your senses confound
And make you humble unto Bow,
Though you the Power Love did neve know:
*Then be not so fickle in range like the Wind,
But unto one Sweetheart. always inclin'd.*

So

So pray now forbear, and do not disdain;
 He'll turn all your Pleasure to Anguish and Pain;
 Though you rove and range like Birds in the Air,
 The Birds with the young Men are not to compare:
Then be not fickle &c.

For if that you slight them, they'll slight you again;
 They'll grieve at your pleasure, and laugh at your pain.
 And thus in sad Torments you rable about,
 In hopes every Day a new Love to find out.
Then be not so fickle, &c.

But young Cupid's Arrow of temper'd Steel,
 Will pierce you quite through, you can't it conceal:
 The Flames of your Love to such Passion will burn
 Then into Distraction soon after you'll run.
*Then be not so fickle, so change as the Wind,
 But unto one Sweetheart be always inclin'd.*



The young Man's Complaint of unconstant Nancy.

O H! gentle Cupid take my part,
 And pierce false Nancy to the Heart
 That she may feel the Grief and Wo,
 The Love of her I undergo.

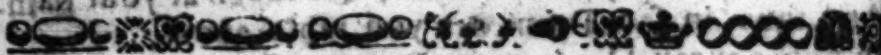
But now alas! with Grief I say,
 She stole my Heart and gave me astray;
 A thousand Times to me she swore,
 She would be true for evermore.

But let her feel the raging Pain,
 The Love of her I do sustain;
 Then sure she will more gentle be
 And soon repent her Cruelty.

But since she will no Pity take,
 Will go wander for her Sake;

I'll range the Woods and shady Groves,
And bid adieu to my false Love.

But since she is false whom I adore,
I'll never love a Woman more;
But on my Spinnet I'll sing and play,
That my false Heart is gone away.



A New Song in Praise of a contented Mind.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a Mind Independent and free.
Is a Mind Independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By reason my Life let me square;
The Wants of my Nature are chiefly supply'd,
And the Rest are but folly and Care.

The Blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
While sweet Meditation and solid Content,
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the Pleasures the great Man's Possession display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part;
For every fair Object my Eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly through infinite Trouble and Care,
The many their Labour Employ?
Since all that is truly delightful in Life,
All but Slaves, if they will, may enjoy:

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